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APPENDICES

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# HAPPENINGS

BY

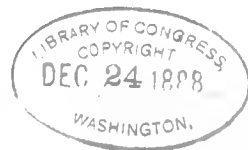
Caroline W. D. Rich.

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ILLUSTRATED

BY

M. Lyle Durgin.



AUBURN, ME.:  
LAKE-SIDE PRESS, PUBLISHERS.  
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# Happenings.

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As I carelessly walked by the sea, one day,  
I passed by a boatman who quietly lay  
Upon the warm sand with his rod by his side,  
A boat anchored near on the rippling tide.  
Why did he lie there so idle, and wait?  
Were there no fishes to catch with his bait?

Ah me!

Why did the boatman wait!

A maiden swung lightly her hammock near by,  
Her ringlets were golden, her eyes like the sky,  
A song, like an echo of love, filled the air,  
As pure as the morning, as trustful as prayer.  
Adown by the sea rocked the boat to and fro,  
The waves were alight with the sun's afterglow.

Ah me!

Why sang the maiden so low!

At eve I returned from my walk by the cliff,  
Two lovers I saw as they entered the skiff.  
The stars were now glinting and dimpling above,  
The pines were still sighing their vespers of love,  
The moonbeams were thrusting their darts  
through the tree  
Where the hammock was swinging—now idle  
and free.

Ah me!

Two lovers were gliding on over the sea.



HAPPENINGS.





**M** & I eagerly walked  
by the sea  
one day

D







I passed by a boatman who quietly lay  
Upon the warm sand, with  
his rod by his side;





A boat anchored near on the  
rippling tide.  
Why did he lie there so  
idle and wait?  
Were there no fishes to  
catch with his bait?  
Ah me!  
Why did the boatman wait?





A maiden swung lightly  
her hammock near by;  
her ringlets were golden,  
her eyes like the sky.





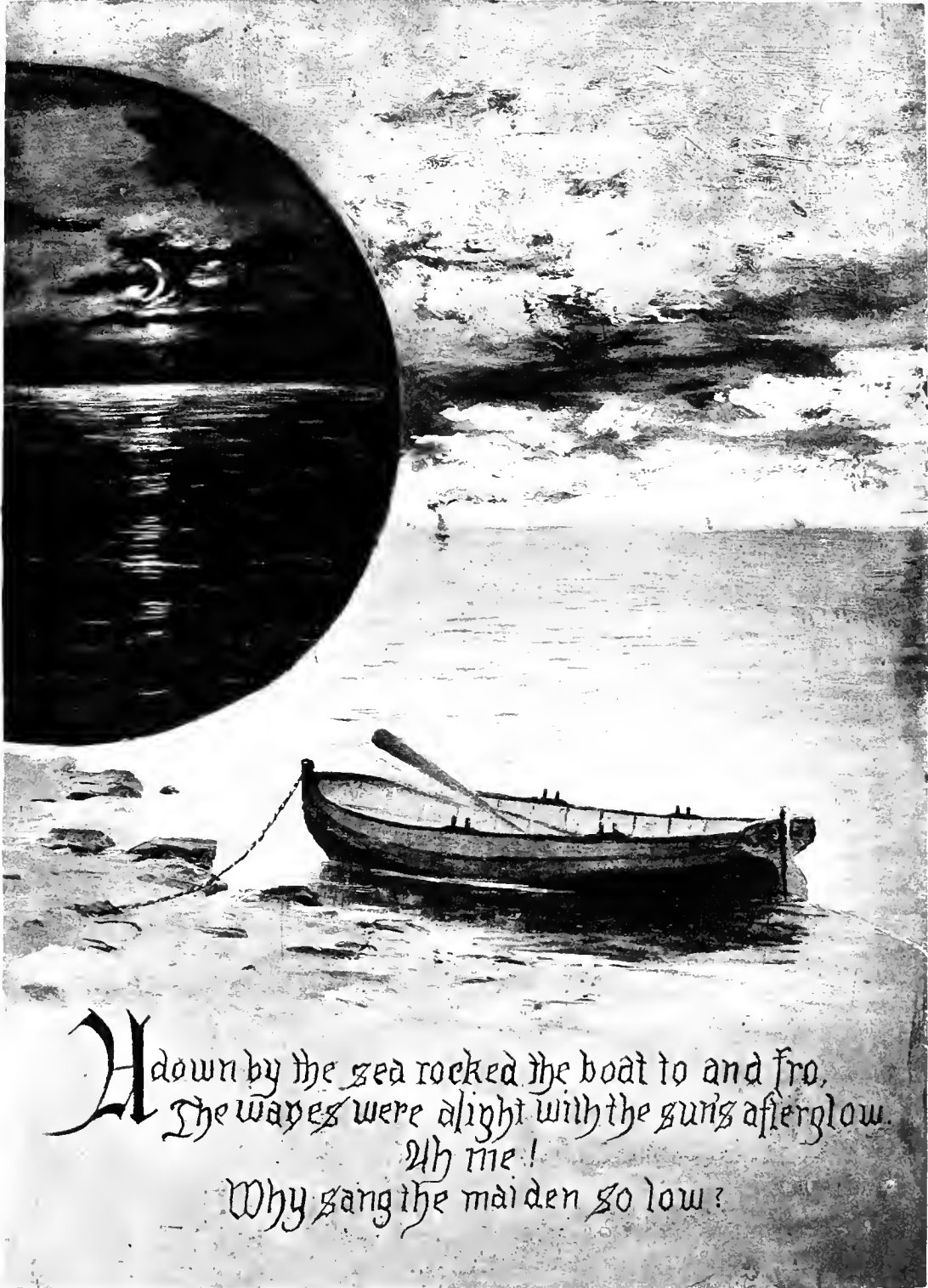
His song  
like an echo  
of love  
filled the air

As pure as  
the morning  
as trustful  
as prayer









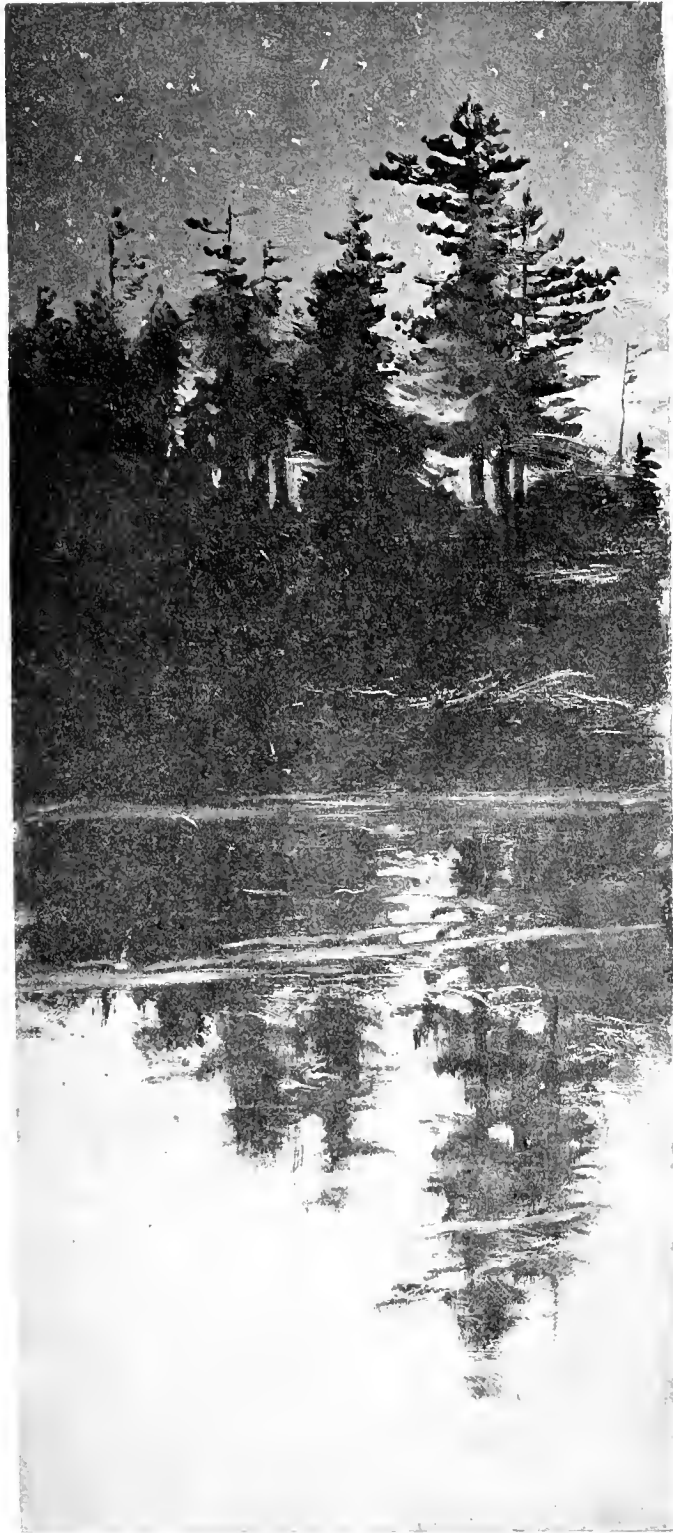
Down by the sea rocked the boat to and fro,  
The waves were alight with the sun's afterglow.  
Ah me!  
Why sang the maiden so low?





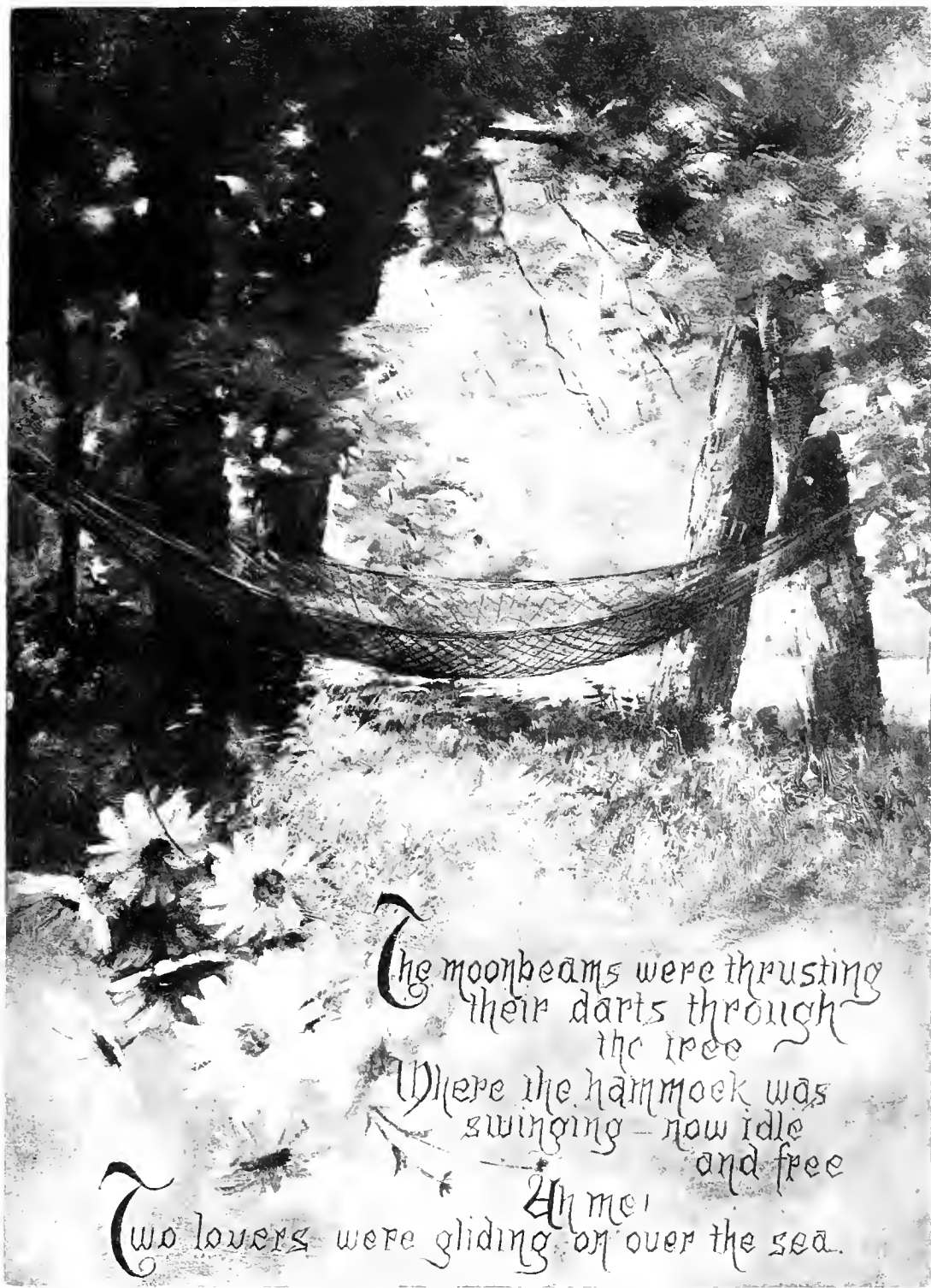
Here I returned from my walk  
Two lovers I saw <sup>by the cliff</sup> as they entered  
the skiff





The stars  
were now glinting  
and dimpling  
above;  
The pines  
were still sighing  
their vesper  
of love;





The moonbeams were thrusting  
their darts through  
the tree

Where the hammock was  
swinging - now idle  
and free

Two lovers were gliding on over the sea.  
Ah me!











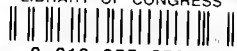








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